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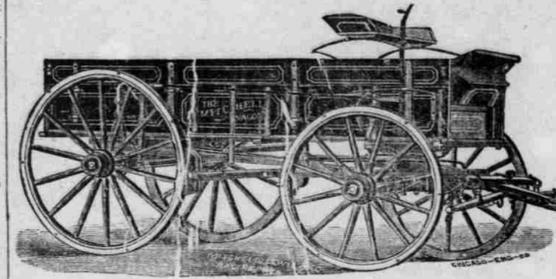
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LEBANON OREGON.

NOTES ON ETIQUETTE.

How You Can Make Yourself Popular with Friends and Strangers.

When you are invited to dine at the house of a friend or acquaintance, it is not considered good form to reply that you would enjoy it above all things; but, unfortunately, you are very hungry and do not see how you can possibly accommodate him.

As the generality of mankind stands in pressing need of exercise, it is a duty you owe to society to furnish others with all the exercise you can possibly vouchsafe to them.

It has been pointed out that the seats in a rail car are death-traps which have a fashion of shutting up and holding the occupant until the fire in the overturned stove has time to cremate him or her; consequently it will be seen that you do a kindness to others, especially to women, by preventing them, if possible, from obtaining seats.

As it is very trying to one's eyes to read print in the cars, it is proper for you to prevent your neighbor from injuring his eyesight by reading his newspaper. Therefore put a stop to his reading, either by talking to him continually about something—no matter what, so that it interests yourself—or read him detached sentences and "good things" from your own paper.

When you are enjoying your cigar alone, and a friend drops in tell him you would ask him to smoke, but you fear that the smoke of two such cigars would suffocate both of you.

When one is telling you a long and dry story about the way his housemaid goes on, put on a melancholy look and put a stop to his story at the earliest convenient moment by asking him some irrelevant question, as, for example, what he thinks of the late strike, what his opinions are of a possible war in Europe, or what are his views on white mice or the eventual restoration of the Jews.

When the shopman has given you too much money in change, say nothing, but put the money in your pocket. It is always mortifying to be told of one's errors. Then it should be remembered the opportunities of being paid for one's forbearance are too infrequent to be neglected.

These are only a few of the many nice points of etiquette that might be mentioned; but they will suffice to show that one who knows nothing about etiquette can write as well upon that subject as upon any other with which he is equally unacquainted.

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CIGAR STUMP SALES.

The Remarkable Industry Carried On by Enterprising Parisians.

Among the curiosities of Paris is the market for cigar stumps in the Place Maubert. Megot, by profession a collector of these stumps, initiated me one fine morning into the mysteries of his peculiar calling. Every day from eight to ten a. m. the market is full of life.

There is one old fellow in the Maubert quarter who, some years ago, became so rich at this humble business of selling cigar stumps that he had an annual income of \$3,000. But my friend Megot turned out badly. Not satisfied, I suppose, with what he was able to glean by the public way, he was recently caught in the act of stealing in the shop of a tobaccoist. He said, by way of excusing himself, that he had never heard of a law which forbade taking snuff. This, on a pinch, might pass for an excuse; but the Paris police are a big-headed lot, and wouldn't see the joke. They walked poor Megot off to a place of detour which they here call "a fiddle."—Jean Nicoit, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

RAILROAD HORRORS.

Record of the More Notable Disasters of "Supernatural Visitation."

1842—May 8, 52 passengers burned to death near Belleville, France.

1854—October 24, 40 passengers killed on the Great Western in Canada.

1857—March 17, 60 persons killed on Great Western of Canada at Des Jardine Canal.

1857—June 28, 11 killed and 100 injured near Lewisham, England.

1859—June 27, 30 persons killed and 40 wounded by a washout on Michigan Southern, near South Bend, Ind.

1859—August 2, 13 persons killed on Albany, Vermont & Canada railroad in Tomhannock creek.

1861—August 25, 29 persons killed, 100 injured at Crofton tunnel, near London, England.

1862—October 13, 15 persons killed, 60 injured near Winchburg, Scotland.

1867—December 18, 49 persons burned to death near Angola, Lake Shore; December 11, 15 lives lost at Hanlan bridge, Vermont Central railroad.

1868—April 14, 20 persons killed, 60 injured at Carrs Rock, near Port Jarvis.

1868—August 20, 33 persons burned at Abergele, North Wales.

1868—August 23, 21 persons killed, 60 injured on Northwestern railway of Bohemia.

1869—July 14, 10 persons burned at Mast Hope, N. Y., on Erie road.

1871—July 3, 15 persons killed, 20 injured at Harpeth River, Tenn.

1871—August 26, 30 persons killed, 50 injured by collision at Revere, near Boston, Mass.

1871—February 6, 22 lives lost by the burning of an oil train at New Hamburg, N. Y.

1873—December 24, 19 killed by a train falling into a ravine at Norwich, England.

1874—September 10, 24 killed, 40 wounded by collision at Shipton, England.

SPOILING A GHOST.

How a Plucky Fiddler Frightened Two "Supernatural Visitors."

Many a ghost story would have met with an untimely end, had a man of spirit arisen to hunt down the supernatural visitants. Some years ago, a little town in Iowa became greatly excited over a succession of strange sights and noises, which had occurred in Horse-thief Grove, where two criminals had once been buried.

An enterprising peddler, spending a night in the town, determined to investigate the ghostly phenomena, and having provided himself with a pistol, slipped down to the grove. An eager and expectant crowd stood on a hill at a convenient distance, waiting to see the lights, and, says the investor, I made up my mind to give them an afterpiece that night, as I lay snugly concealed under the bushes near the graves.

After they had every thing arranged and had run the lantern up once, I commenced saying something in a terrifying voice. They dropped every thing and started through the bush like frightened sheep. I fired a few shots, gave a blood-curdling yell, and quietly slipped back to the house. Next morning the excitement was terrible to witness. My host's house, being the nearest, was crowded with men wearing an awed expression, as if they expected a dire calamity. After hearing the various conjectures and suggestions, I arose and told my story. My statements were borne out by finding the rope and lantern. Nothing but their extreme youthfulness saved the perpetrators from something worse than the gentle caresses of a hickory switch. I left the next day, but I'll warrant that was the last of the ghost of "Horse-Thief Grove."—Omaha Bee.

DIDN'T KNOW BAKER.

A Bank Scene from Which the Reader Can Learn a Lesson.

Yesterday forenoon as two men who had lived neighbor to each other on High street for a year and walked down town together a hundred times, met on Griswold street, one of them remarked: "Say, Green, drop into the bank with me for a minute. I want to be identified."

"Certainly, certainly," replied Green, and they entered the bank and walked to the teller's window.

"You identify this man as Baker, do you?" "Baker? Baker? Yes, I believe that is his name."

"Do you know it to be?" "No—o, but I've heard it was. He lives next door to me."

"How much of a family has he?" "He's got a wife, anyhow, and I see some children around."

"What does he do?" "Let's see. He's got an office of some sort down town here, but I can't say what he does."

"Will you positively identify him as Baker?" "Why—well—no, I guess not, I think he is, but he may be Barker, or Barkum, or he may not be the one I think I know. Excuse me, Mr. Baker; I'd be glad to oblige, you know, but I don't know you, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

A Satisfactory Settlement. Gentleman—I hear, Uncle Rastus, that you and Dolphus have dissolved partnership in the white-wash business. Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah; we is done quit.

Gentleman—Well, what kind of a settlement did you make? Uncle Rastus (scratching his head)—Well, yo' see, sah, de 'rangement am dis. Dem what owes de firm an' to settle wiv Dolphus, an' dem what de firm owes an' to settle wiv me, Dolphus 'lowed dat war a fair 'rangement—'shar' an' 'shar' alike!—Drake's Traders' Magazine.

CRUEL REVENGE.

How Bob Furdette Got Even with a Malevolent but Very Impolite Gentleman.

Once, in the dead heart of the pitiless winter I had drawn my good two-handed Lecture with the Terrible Name, and was smiting all the coasts of Pennsylvania with it, sparing neither (pronounced nyther) young or old, and wearing at my belt the scalp of many a pale-face audience. One night I reached Erie the pleasant just as the clocks in the Lord Mayor's castle struck twenty-one. It was bitter biting, stinging cold, and there was no ambulation at the station, while there was a good hotel there. I went in a d registered, and a man of commanding presence, tailor-built clothes and a brown beard of most refined culture, followed me, and under my plebeian scrawl made the register luminous with his patrician cognomen. I stood a little in awe of this majestic being, about as little as I usually stand in the presence of any majestic creature, and when in a deep bass, commanding voice he ordered a room I had a great mind—something that I always carry with me when I travel—to go out and get him one.

The gentlemanly and urbane night clerk, who also seemed to be deeply impressed—as is the habit of the night clerk—with the gentleman's responsible-to-any amount toot on, Sawmabel said he was sorry but he had but one vacant room and it contained but one bed. "Still," he said, as he became a man who was bound to stand for his house if it hadn't a bed in it, "it was a very wide bed, very wide and quite long. Two gentlemen could sleep in it quite comfortably, and if—"

But the Commanding Being at my side said that was quite another out of the question entirely. Quite! He was sorry for the here—here he looked at me, hesitated, but finally said—gentleman, but he couldn't share his room with him. He was sorry for the gentleman and hoped he might find comfortable lodgings, but he couldn't permit him to occupy even a portion of his bed. Then the clerk begged pardon, and was sorry, and all that, but this other gentleman had registered first, and it was for him to say what disposition should be made of this lonely room and solitary bed. I hastened to assure the majestic being that it was all right; he was welcome to two-thirds of the room, all the looking-glass and one-half of the bed. "No," he said, very abruptly, "I will sit here by the stove and sleep in a chair. I thank you, sir, but I would not sleep with my own brother. I prefer a room to myself." I modestly told him that I didn't know what kind of a man his brother was, but no doubt he did, and therefore I must conclude that he wasn't a fit man to sleep with. But his brother was out of the question, and if he wanted part of my couch, he might have it and welcome, and I would agree not to think of his brother. "No, sir," he said, "I will sleep in no man's bed."

I said I wouldn't either, if I wasn't sleepy, but when I was sleepy, I didn't care; I'd sleep with the King of England or the President, and wouldn't care a cent who knew it.

"Well, I went to bed, I curled up under the warm, soft blankets, and heard the wind shriek and wail and whistle and yell—how like all creation the wind can blow in Erie—and as the night grew colder and colder every minute, I fell asleep and dreamed that heaven was just forty-eight miles west of Dunkirk. About 2:30 or 3 o'clock there came a thundering rap at the door, and with a vague, half-waking impression in my dream that somebody from the other place was trying to get in, I said:

"What is it?" "It is I," answered a splendid voice, which I recognized at once. "I am the gentleman who came on the train with you."

"Yes," I said, "and what is the matter?" The splendid voice was a trifle humble as it replied: "I have changed my mind about sleeping with another man."

"So have I!" I howled, so joyously that the very winds laughed in merry echo. "So have I! I wouldn't get out of this warm bed to open that door for my own brother!"

I will close this story here. If I should write the language that went down that dim, cold hall outside my door you wouldn't print it. And when next morning I went skipping down stairs as fresh as a rose, and saw that majestic being knotted up in a hard arm chair, looking a hundred years old, I said:

"Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish King, who knoweth not how to be admonished. For out of prison he cometh to reign, whereas, also he that is born in his kingdom becometh poor." This also is vanity.—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

The report of President Battle, of the North Carolina State University, to the board of trustees, shows that the university is of great benefit to poor young men. There are now at the institution more than a hundred youths, Dr. Battle says, "with hands brown with toil, some cooking for themselves, others hiring their own cooks, some in county appointments free of tuition, others going into debt for it, with threadbare clothes, in the coldest weather, without great-coats, hovering over scanty fires, but with the flames of noble resolutions burning in their breasts."

When cayenne pepper is higher than Scotch snuff the snuff is used to adulterate it. When the reverse is the case the pepper goes into the snuff. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.